baron, only to be rudely disillusioned on arrival in the Islands. Either a loose life or the divorce courts have been the remedies. Yet couples there are, the man a Filipino and the woman an American, who live contentedly, altogether unconcerned as to whether or not they gain social recognition.

The *comfadre* and *comadre* (godfather and godmother) system permeates all classes. It is *com^adre* this and *comadre* that, and the new relationship is taken very seriously. So not only are the people bound by natural blood ties but by voluntary religious ones.

The bulk of the inhabitants of the Islands live in small towns. Their houses are usually built of bamboo and nipa raised upon posts with a small yard surrounding. There is very little furniture in the house, and the poorer families sleep upon mats on the floor. A few pictures, perhaps of Rizal or Quezon or a Saint adorn the walls. The ordinary diet consists of two things, rice and fish. Rice is the bread of the people, fresh fish is the meat.

The family life in these modest surroundings is happy. The parents are accepted by the children and relatives as the heads of the family. The biblical injunction to honor thy father and thy mother is cheerfully fulfilled. The children are treated affectionately, and filial obedience is ingrained. On the death of the father, the eldest son commonly acts for the family.

Christenings, weddings, and funerals are occasions for social festivities. The public *flaza* is ordinarily the

center of public and religious celebrations, for around the *plaza* will usually be found located the church and the municipal building, and in the center a statue of Rizal. The town *fosta* held annually is the great event of the year, and on this occasion every home is thrown open to receive within its hospitable walls guests of the family from far and near.